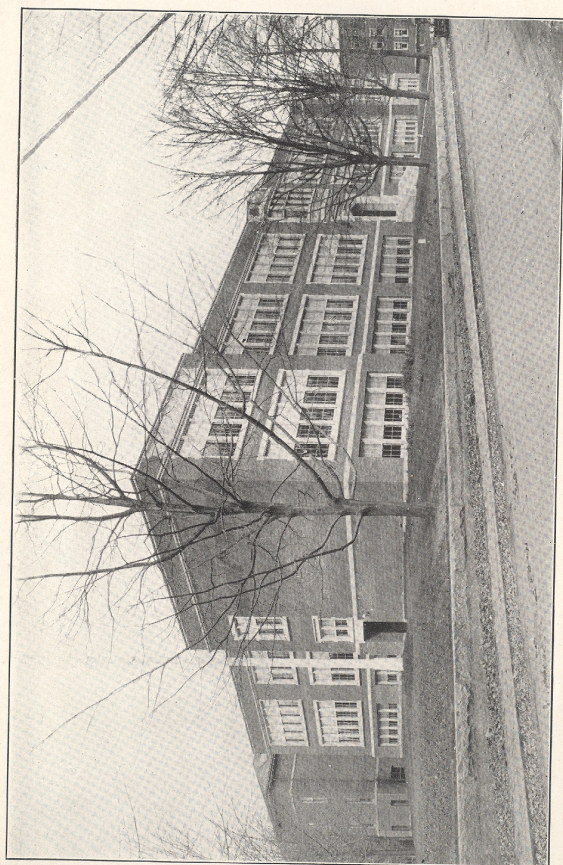


To His Honor, the Mayor,  
Leo H. Coughlin,  
the Class of 1920  
Respectfully Dedicates this  
Journal





TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL

## Taunton High School

### Journal Staff

1920



Edgar R. C. Ward,

Editor-in-Chief

Laurence Woolley,

Business Manager,

Florence A. Tracy

Assistant Business Manager

C. Elliot Blood,

Joke Editor



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## Faculty

FRED U. WARD, Principal  
 F. ARTHUR WALKER, Sub-master  
 M. MILDRED ATWELL, Ancient History  
 G. W. AVERILL, Manual Training  
 GLADYS W. CHACE, Mathematics  
 FRANCES CHANDLER, English  
 WALTER J. CLEMSON, Music  
 NORRIS O. DANFORTH, Military Training  
 L. M. DELANO, Civics  
 F. T. FARNSWORTH, Latin  
 FRANCES R. FOSTER, Secretary  
 ELWOOD S. FRASER, Chemistry  
 HELEN G. GILMAN, Librarian  
 FLORENCE GREENLEAF, Sewing  
 CHARLES A. HATHAWAY, Physics  
 E. H. LORD, Mathematics  
 MARTHA E. LORD, English  
 MAYDELL MURPHY, English  
 JOSEPH R. PARKER, Drawing  
 ANNA PERKINS, Latin  
 WILLIAM P. QUINN, History  
 ELSIE A. SALTHOUSE, French  
 DIRRELL D. SAMPLE, General Science  
 AUGUSTA E. STEWART, Typewriting  
 FLORENCE H. STONE, English  
 RUTH E. WELLS, French  
 LOUISE R. WHITCOMB, Domestic Science  
 LELIA WIGGIN, Bookkeeping  
 GLADYS M. WILBUR, Mathematics  
 L. W. WILBUR, Bookkeeping  
 ANNE WILLIAMS, General Science  
 EDITH WILLIAMS, Drawing  
 A. BELLE YOUNG, Stenography

## Class of 1920

MURIEL F. ALLYN  
 "Billy"

Cohannet Grammar.  
 Normal and Commercial Course  
 Kappa Chi  
 Waitress Alumni Banquet  
 Post Graduate Course at T. H. S.  
 Goddard Hospital for Training.  
 Cum Laude. A. A.  
 "I am resolved to grow fat and look young  
 until forty."



HELEN AMES

Myricks Grammar.

Commercial Course.

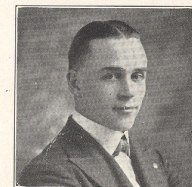
"Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can  
 spy."



LAWRENCE JUSTIN BARNES

"Larry"  
 Cohannet Grammar.

College Course Harvard  
 Athletic Editor of Journal Football, '20  
 Baseball, '19 (sub) Cheer Leader '17  
 Le Cercle Francais "T" Club  
 Gym Instructor '19 Member of A. A.  
 Chairman Glee Club Committee.  
 "A great brain behind a simple  
 countenance."







DORIS AMY BEAKE

Cohannet Grammar.

Commercial Course.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

HYMEN SOLOMON BERKOVER

Cohannet Grammar.

College Course.

1st Sergeant Co. A., T. H. S. C.

"Blessed is he who has found his work."



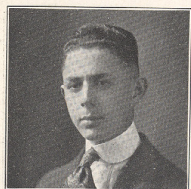
ROBERT BERMAN

Hopewell

Commercial Course.

2nd Lieutenant Co. A., T. H. S. C., '20.

"Men of few words are the best men."



BLANCHE LEONE BERNIER

"Bus"

Hopewell.

Commercial Course      Member of A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais      Kappa Phi Delta  
Class Color Committee      Song Committee  
Waitress Football Banquet.      Class Play  
Magna Cum Laude.

"A maiden whom there were some to praise,  
and many more to love."



MARY L. BETTENCOURT

Blanding School.

Commercial Course

Cum Laude

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

ERNEST WADE BISHOP, JR.

"Tony"

Cohannet Grammar.

College Course      Brown University  
Treasurer Class of '20      A. A.  
Major T. H. S. Cadets      Le Cercle Francais  
Classicum Concilium  
"Company, villainous company, hath been  
the spoil of me."





CHARLES ELLIOT BLOOD  
"Gyp"



Weir Grammar.  
Technical Course M. I. T.  
Joke Editor of Journal A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais Football '19  
Glee Club Committee Gym Instructor  
Battalion Adjutant T. H. S. C. "T." Club  
"For he, by geometric scale, could take the  
size of pots of ale."

EDNA BOWEN

"Maggie"

Dighton Grammar.

Commercial Course.  
"Small cheer and great welcome makes a  
merry feast."



VERA EDNA BOWES

Hopewell School.



Commercial Course A. A.  
Semi-chorus Cum Laude  
"Prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's  
root."

FLORA E. BOWMAN

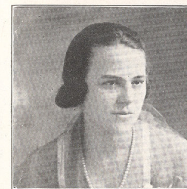
Cohannet Grammar.



College Course A. A.  
Teacher of Piano Cum Laude  
Classicum Concilium  
"Thy liquid notes that close the eye of  
day."

LAURA EDNA BREMNER

Cohannet Grammar.



Commercial Course Office work  
Member of A. A. Semi-chorus '18  
Refreshment committee for senior reception  
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19

"Gentle, kind, and ever patient is she."

DOROTHY BRINDLE

Hopewell School.



Commercial Course. Le Cercle Francais  
Cum Laude.  
"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."





MIRIAM MORTON BROWN

Hopewell School.

College Course A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais Cum Laude  
Consul Classicum Concilium

"Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's way doth stand for naught?"

LILLIAN EVELYN BURTON

County Street School.

Le Cercle Francais Normal Course

"I have immortal longings in me."



DORIS HOWLAND CHACE

Cohannet Grammar.

Normal Course A. A.  
School Council '19 Le Cercle Francais  
Chairman Girl's Athletic Committee  
Treasurer Kappa Phi Delta Class Play  
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19  
Waitress Football Banquet '19  
Cum Laude

"What, worry? and I so young."



GEORGE CLEATHERO

"Red"

Winthrop School.

Commercial Course.

"I was not always a man of woe."



REBECCA COOPERSTEIN

Hopewell Grammar.

College Course Brown University  
Le Cercle Francais A. A.

"The woman that deliberates is lost."



DOROTHY WHITING DAY

Cohannet Grammar.

General and Commercial Course  
Le Cercle Francais A. A.  
Senior Reception Committee Orchestra

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."







HELEN MAY DEAN

Cohannet Grammar School.  
College Course and Normal A.A.  
Le Cercle Francais.  
Kappa Phi Delta  
Expect to attend Framingham Normal  
Dept. Household Arts.  
"The hand that hath made you fair, hath  
made you good."

CARLETON HATHAWAY  
DICKERMAN

Cohannet School.

College Course. Tufts Dental  
Cheer Leader '20. A. A.  
1st Sergeant Co., B., T. H. S. C., '20  
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful  
thing."



MARJORIE GRACE DILL

Raynham Grammar School.



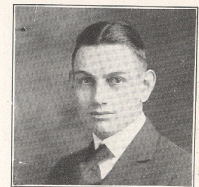
College Course Cum Laude  
Liberal Arts Course at Boston University.  
Classicum Concilium.  
"Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge."

EDWIN RALPH DONALDSON  
"Ding."

Hopewell Grammar.

T. H. S. C. Technical Course  
Head Cheer Leader '20. A. A.  
M. S. G. Boston Police Strike.  
Cheer Leader '18, '19.  
Le Cercle Francais.  
Pin Committee '16.

"A good-looking young gentleman."



MAYBELLE FARNUM DUFF  
"Pat"

Hopewell Grammar.

New England Hospital, Boston  
Normal Course. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais.  
Football Banquet Committee '17.  
"What's past help should be past grief."



VERNA GRANT DWYER

Cohannet Grammar.

College Course. Wellesley.  
Le Cercle Francais. Cum Laude.  
Praetor Classicum Concilium. A. A.  
Cum Laude.

"Endued with sanctity of reason."







HELEN EATON

Winthrop School.

College Course A. A.  
 Expects to go to Simmons College and study  
 Household Economics.  
 Le Cercle Francais.

"Be to her virtues very kind;  
 Be to her faults a little blind."

FLORENCE ETTA EMMOTT

Hopewell Grammar.

Commercial Course A. A.  
 Le Cercle Francais Cum Laude  
 Waitress Football Banquet '17

"There was never yet fair woman but she  
 made mouths in a glass."



JOSEPHINE ELBE FREEMAN

Cohannet Grammar.

Commercial Course Future?  
 Kappa Phi Delta A. A.  
 Semi-chorus Football Game '19

"Though I am young, I scorn to flit  
 Upon the wings of borrowed wit."



EDITH GIBSON

Cohannet Grammar.

College Course Future?  
 Le Cercle Francais A. A.  
 Classicum Concilium  
 Kappa Phi Delta

"Whose looks all hearts took captive."



GOLDIE GOLLUB

S. H. W. School, Fall River.

College Course followed by Commercial.  
 Expects to do office work Cum Laude

"The noblest mind the best contentment  
 has."



PAULINE GOLLUB

S. H. W. School, Fall River.

Commercial Course.

"I am myself, indifferent, honest."







AMELIA GRACIA

Weir Grammar.

Commercial Course. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappa Chi.  
Cum Laude.  
"The very flower of youth."

HELEN S. HALL

County Street School.

Normal Course. Bridgewater Normal  
Le Cercle Francais. A. A.  
"A smile for all who seek."



MILDRED C. HALLAHAN

Cohannet Grammar.



General Course. Office work.  
Banner Committee '16. A. A.  
Semi-chorus Football Game '19.  
Refreshment Committee senior Reception.  
Waitress Football Banquet '16.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19.  
"Better late than never."

EVELYN KENDALL HARRIGAN

Cohannet Grammar.

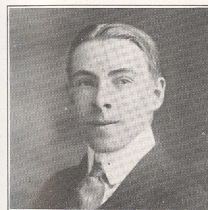
College Course followed by Commercial A.A.  
Semi-chorus Football Game '19.  
"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."



NORMAN F. HOARD

Cohannet Grammar.

College Course Harvard  
"Words are but the shadows of actions."



GRACE ARLINE HOPKINS

Winthrop School.

College Course Brown University  
Club Editor of the Journal A. A.  
Girls' Athletic Committee Kappa Phi  
Le Cercle Francais  
Classicum Concilium  
Kappa Phi Delta  
Magna Cum Laude  
"She who studies will survive."







LEAH IMMERMEN

Cohannet Grammar.

College Course  
Kappa Chi  
Classicum Concilium

Simmons  
A. A.

"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

MARGARET KELLEY  
"Peg"

East Taunton School.

Normal Course      Bridgewater Normal  
A. A.

"All nature wears one universal grin."



HELEN LOUISE KIERNAN

Weir Grammar.

Commercial Course      Bridgewater Normal  
"And mistress of herself though china fall."

LEAH KING

Hopewell School.

Commercial Course.      A. A.  
"I am always in haste, but never in a  
hurry."



MARJORIE KNOX  
"Jerry."

Leonard School.

College Course      Radcliffe  
Class Secretary '18-'20      Kappa Chi  
A. A.      Kappa Phi Delta  
Le Cercle Francais      Semi-chorus '18  
Classicum Concilium  
Decorating Committee Football Banquet  
Waitress Football Banquet  
"I live to learn."



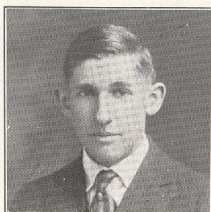
LOUISE LEONARD

Hopewell School.

Commercial Course.  
"Faultless to a fault."







EMERY LINCOLN

North Dighton Grammar.

Expects to go to Durfee Textile.  
"His conduct still right, with his argument wrong."

JOSEPH CHARLES LYNCH

Weir Grammar.

Technical Course. Boston University.  
Sergeant T. H. S. C. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais Class Play  
Class Pin Committee.  
"Math. has no terrors for me."



HILDA B. MacCALLUM

County Street School.

Normal Course followed by Commercial  
Some Business School. A. A.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19.  
Waitress Football Banquet '17.  
"If naebody care for me, I'll care for naebody."



DOROTHEA VIOLA GRANT  
MacDONALD

Brockton High.

Normal Course. Class Play A. A.  
New England Conservatory of Music.

"Shall I, like a hermit, dwell  
In a rock or in a cell?"



MARJORIE MAGEE  
"Peg"

St. Mary's.

College Course, followed by Household Arts.  
School of Horticulture for Women, Ambler,  
Penn.  
Le Cercle Francais. A. A.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet, '19.  
"She has a cheveril conscience that will stretch."



LEWIS ALBERT MAKER

Cohannet Grammar.

Technical Course. M. I. T.  
1st Lieutenant Co. B., T. H. S. C. '20.  
Asst. Treasurer T. H. S. C. '19.  
Treasurer T. H. S. C. '20.  
Cheer Leader '20. A. A.  
Committee on revision of A. A. constitution.

"He looks innocent, but."







MARGUERITE MASON

Cohannet Grammar.

Commercial Course. Finishing School  
A. A.

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

DORIS G. MASTERSON

Weir Grammar.  
Commercial Course. A. A.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19  
Cum Laude.  
"And if it please you, so; if not, why, so."



MARTHA RITA MCGOWAN  
"Mickey"  
Cohannet Grammar.

Commercial Course. Business College  
Le Cercle Francais. A. A.  
"A witty woman is a treasure."

GLADYS HELEN McISAAC

Weir Grammar School.

Normal Course.  
Bridgewater Normal School.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappa Chi.  
A. A. Cum Laude.  
"I never sought the world."



GEORGE MILLER

Leonard School.  
College and Commercial Course.  
Baseball '18-'19-'20 Wentworth.  
Football '17-'19. A. A.  
"T" Club.  
"I am sure care's an enemy to life."



HELEN A. MILLER  
"Nancy"  
Hopewell School.

Commercial Course.  
Kappa Chi.

A. A.

"For her own person  
It beggared all description."







MARGARET JEAN MILLER

Leonard School

Commercial Course A. A.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet Orchestra '16  
Song Committee '20 Semi-chorus  
Henry Jewett School of Acting  
Vice President Kappa Phi Delta  
Football Banquet Committee  
Class Play

"The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express."

ALLISON HOYT MITCHELL

Cohannet Grammar School.

College Course Wesleyan  
Cheer Leader '19 A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais Kappa Chi  
Athletic Grounds Committee  
Aedile Classicum Concilium  
Vice President of Class '19-'20  
Captain Co. A., T. H. S. C., '20

"Oh what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side?"



GEORGE NAJARIAN

"Key"

Palmer River School, Rehoboth.

Law Course in Boston University.

A. A.  
President of Kappa Chi.  
Debating Team '19.

"Good orators, when they are out, they will spit."



GLADYS NAJARIAN

Palmer River School.

Commercial Course.  
A. A.  
Semi-chorus.

"With downcast eyes and modest grace."



JOSEPH E. NUNES

Cohannet Grammar School.

College Course  
Tuft Medical  
Le Cercle Francais  
Classicum Concilium

"Lashed into Latin by the tingling rod."



MARY ELIZABETH O'CONNELL

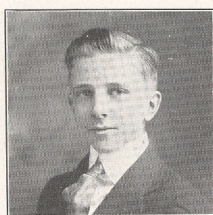
East Taunton School.

Normal Course  
Lassell Seminary  
A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais

"Learning by study must be won."







EDMUND W. OGG

Weir Grammar School.

College and Commercial Course.  
Boston University.  
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '20.  
A. A.

"For contemplation he, and valour  
formed."

JAMES JOSEPH O'NEIL  
"Steve"  
Cohannet Grammar School.

Law School.  
Kappa Chi.  
Le Cercle Francais.  
Classicium Concilium.

"Law is king of all."



MARION ELIZABETH PECK

Cohannet Grammar School.

Commercial Course.  
Office work.

"She hath a daily beauty in her life"

VIOLA LOUISE GOFF PIERCE

Rehoboth Grammar School.

Normal Course. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappa Phi Delta.  
Boston University School  
of Secretarial Science.  
Classicium Concilium.

"The artillery of her eye."



ALICE W. PLACE

Weir Grammar School.

College Course. Simmons College.  
Athletic Committee. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappa Chi.  
Class Pin Committee. Kappa Phi Delta.

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain  
below;  
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven  
go."



RUTH N. PLUMSTEAD

Deering High School, Portland, Maine.

A school of design. General Course.  
Library Assistant '19. A. A.  
Secretary Kappa Phi Delta.  
Orchestra '20.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19.

"Her face, oh, call it fair, not pale."







HELEN LOUISE RAFTER

Immaculate Conception School.

Commercial Course.  
Office Work.

"Truth hath a quiet breast."

SHELDEN DALZUL ROBINSON

Weir Grammar School.

College, Commercial, and Technical Courses  
Boston University. A. A.  
Cheer Leader '19. "T" Club.  
2nd Lieutenant Co. B., T. H. S. C. '20.  
Manager Football Team '19.

"Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous  
man."



ALICE ROSEN

"Toots"

Cohannet Grammar School.

Commercial Course.  
A. A.  
Kappa Chi.

"Style is the dress of thought."



EDYTHE M. ROTHWELL

Winthrop Grammar School.  
College Course. A. A.  
Library Assistant. Kappa Chi.  
Le Cercle Francais.

"To me, there is none like you but your-  
self."



FREEDA SANDER

Cohannet Grammar School.

Commercial Course A. A.  
Kappa Chi Cum Laude

"Eyes too expressive to be blue,  
Too lovely to be grey."



IDA SANDER

Cohannet Grammar School.

Commercial Course  
A. A.  
Kappa Chi

"'Twas a strange riddle of a lady."







LUCY MARGARET SEARLE

Gilmore Grammar School.  
Bridgewater Normal School.  
A. A.  
"Delightful task! to rear the tender  
thought."

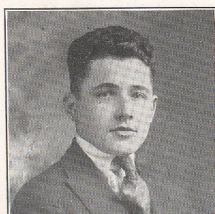
JOSEPH KENNARD SHEPPARD

Cohannet Grammar School.  
General Course. Class Play  
Bently.  
A. A.  
Vice President of Class '16.  
Captain Football '19.  
Football '17-'19.  
"T" Club.  
Le Cercle Francais.  
"I was the boy for bewitching 'em."



NORMAN SINGER  
"Pie"

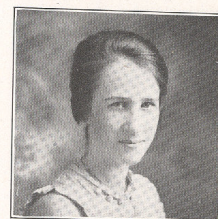
Cohannet Grammar School.



General and College Course. Class P  
Tufts' Dental.  
Kappa Chi.  
Debating Team.  
A. A.  
"No prophet is accepted in his own  
country."

MARGARET MARY SLATTERY

Weir Grammar School.  
Normal Course. Kappa Chi.  
A. Cum Laude.  
Bridgewater Normal School.



ANNA LOUISE SMITH

Cohannet and Commercial Courses.  
Business College.  
A. A.  
Library Assistant '19.  
Glee Club Committee.  
" 'Tis not my talent to conceal my  
thoughts."



MILDRED SHERMAN SMITH

Cohannet Grammar School.



Commercial Course.  
Rhode Island School of Design.  
A.  
Hostess Alumni Banquet '19.  
Silence in woman is like speech in man;  
any't who can."





VERA H. SMITH

Lothrop School.

Commercial Course.  
Plans to go to work.  
A. A.

"To those who know thee not, no words  
can paint."

MOLLIE STARK

"Polly"

Cohannet School.

Normal Course.  
A. A.  
Classicum Concilium.  
Cum Laude.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."



EMMA SWIFT

Winthrop Grammar School.

College and Commercial Course.  
National Park Seminary.  
A. A.

"Oh, I am stabbed with laughter."



MARGUERITE FLORENCE SYNER

Hopewell Grammar School.

College Course. Boston University  
Le Cercle Francais. Cum Laude.  
Classicum Concilium.  
President of T. H. S. Canning Club '17-'18.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"



HELEN LOUISE TAYLOR

Winthrop Grammar School.

Boston Conservatory of Music.  
College and Normal Courses.  
A. A.

Le Cercle Francais.  
T. H. S. Canning Club '17, '18.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her intimate variety."



RUTH FREEMAN TAYLOR

Story Grammar School, Marblehead.

Commercial and General Courses.  
Baptist New England Hospital.  
A. A.  
Class Play Committee '20.  
Cum Laude.

"She's modest as any; and blithe as she's  
bonnie."







FAE MILDRED THOMAS

Cohannet School.

Normal and Commercial Courses.  
A. A.

"She's a book.  
To be with care pursu'd."

ANNA ISABELLE THRASHER  
"Tiny "

Weir Grammar School.

Commercial Course.  
A. A.

" 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."



FLORENCE ADELIA TRACY

"Fat"

Cohannet Grammar School.

College Course. Radcliffe.  
President '18-'20. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappa Chi.  
School Council. Cum Laude.  
Assistant Business Manager of Journal.  
Committee on Revision of A. A. Constitution.  
Praetor Classicum Concilium.  
Chairman Class Color Committee.  
Chairman Senior Reception Committee.  
Chairman Flower Committee.  
Chairman Self-Government Committee.  
Athletic Grounds Committee.  
Waitress at Alumni Banquet.  
"As headstrong as an alligator on the banks  
of the Nile."

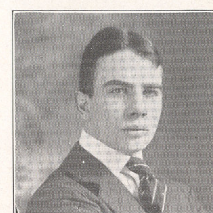


Coat Room Committee.

EDGAR R. C. WARD

Cohannet Grammar School.

Editor-in-chief of Journal. M. I. T.  
Baseball Manager '19. Football '19.  
Gym Instructor. "T" Club.  
Captain Co. B.T.H.S.C., '20. A. A.  
Cheer Leader '17-'20. Kappa Chi.  
Le Cercle Francais. Orchestra.  
Committee on revision of A. A. Constitution.  
Athletic Grounds Committee.  
Praetor Classicum Concilium.  
Football Banquet Committee '17.  
Senior Reception Committee.  
Magna Cum Laude.  
"You write with ease to show your breeding,  
But easy writing's curst hard reading."



MINNIE WEBSTER

Cohannet Grammar.

Normal and Commercial Course.  
Newspaper Reporter. A. A.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet. Kappa Chi.  
Library Assistant. Semi-chorus.  
Waitress Alumni Banquet.  
Football Semi-chorus.  
Football Game Committee School Reporter  
"Business before pleasure, *always*."



AGNES CLARA WERNER

Leonard School.

Commercial Course.  
Magna Cum Laude.

"It seems to me that you are in some  
brown study."





MILDRED DOLORES WHITE



Weir Grammar School.

Normal Course. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappi Chi.  
Committee on revision of A. A. Constitution  
Bridgewater Normal.  
"All things I thought I knew, but now  
confess  
The more I know I know, I know the less."

WILL A. WHITNEY

"Bill"

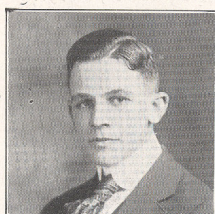
Wakefield School. T. H. S. C. '17  
College and Technical and Manual Arts  
Courses. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Kappi Chi.  
"The mind's the standard of the man."



WINTHROP VERNON WILBUR

"Deacon."

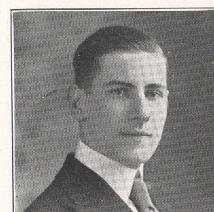
Gilmore School, Raynham.



College Course. T. H. S. C. '18.  
A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais.  
"He wanted a peg to hang his thoughts  
upon."

MELBOURNE HOYT WILLEY

Cohannet Grammar School.



Football '20. A. A.  
1st Lieutenant Co. A., T. H. S. C.  
"He hath his hands in his pockets to re-  
lieve the emptiness."

LILIAN M. WOOD

Weir Grammar School.



Commercial Course. Lasell.  
A. A. Orchestra '20.  
Library Assistant '20. Cum Laude.  
President Kappa Phi Delta.  
"She pleased while distant, but when near  
she charmed."

LAWRENCE H. WOOLLEY

"Larry"

Hopewell Grammar School.



Manual Arts. Durfee Textile.  
T. H. S. C. '16-'18. A. A.  
Capt. Baseball '18-'19-'20. School Council.  
Football '17-'19. "T" Club.  
Le Cercle Francais. Gym Instructor  
Business Manager of Journal.  
"Yet fond as he was of his books, 'he was  
playful as a kitten.'"





LILLIAN YOUNG

Cohannet Grammar School.

Normal Course. A. A.  
Le Cercle Francais. Cum Laude.  
Bridgewater Normal.

"A happy soul that all the way  
To heaven hath a summer's day."

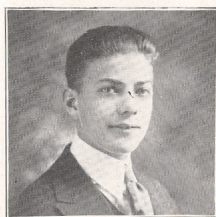
CHARLES ZACKS

"Chick"

Cohannet Grammar School.

College and Technical Courses.  
M. I. T. A. A.  
Kappa Chi Debating Team '20.  
Le Cercle Francais. Cum Laude.  
Class Color Committee.

"Oh my prophetic soul,  
My uncle."



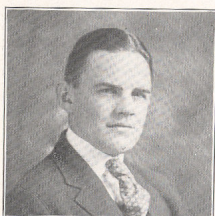
HAROLD ALEXANDER ZANTOW

"Doc"

Cohannet Grammar School.

In Class of '19. One year scrubbing decks.  
Football '19.

"I believe they talked of me, for they  
laughed, consumedly."



NORMA LYDIA MACOMBER

County Street School.

Commercial Course.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

VAHAN KEVORKIAN

Harris Grammar.

Technical Course Bently  
A. A. Football '19 (sub)

"The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning"





## Editorial

Debating should receive greater recognition in our high school. Since the Great War, more men have had occasion to speak in public than ever before. Theatres, movie houses, and churches teem with three-or five-minute men, who are eloquent for drives and movements of all descriptions: Liberty Loans, Conservations, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. Nor is public speaking, as formerly, confined to professional men. Our "butchers and bakers and candlestick makers" have taken to speaking. There will always be that call. In a great democracy like the United States where the common people have unparalleled opportunities to express their opinion, no pupil can afford to go through high school neglecting the opportunity offered in debating.

The faculty supports debating as may be seen by their earnest and willing coöperation in helping the team. The student body should back the debating team as well as it does the baseball team or the football team. Debating should be as much a representative of T. H. S. as are athletics. Are we as proud of our debating teams' victories as we are of our athletic conquests? Yet the Taunton High School has won every debate for three consecutive years. Let us get behind the debating team and, in future years, give it our heartiest support.

## Mary

By EDITH GIBSON

Bob was perplexed. Any other fellow in his place would have been. He had just come home for his Easter vacation. Now, as every one knows, a spring vacation in a small town is about the dullest thing in the world. There is nothing to do; it is too late in the season for winter sports and too early for summer ones. Already this state of inactivity had begun to get on Bob's nerves. He had consulted his family about possible pleasures and had decided that the prospects of having an exciting time were entirely lacking. Only one thing had consoled him. He had been to see Mary Andrews the night before and had invited her to go to the theatre with him on Thursday evening.

As really good plays came infrequently to that small town, Mary said that she should like to go, adding, "I'll call you up in the morning and let you know whether I can go or not."

This sounded promising, and Bob had departed with plans for a pleasant evening on Thursday. Early in the morning the telephone rang. Bob rushed to it and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Bob. This is Mary. I hope I haven't disturbed you by calling so early."

Bob assured her that she had not and waited for her to continue.

"I've just had a letter from Dick and he's going to be home Thursday, and he wants me to go to the theatre with him. He can't get home until late so he wanted me to ask you to get two places for us with yours. Of course he knew you'd be going, and he thought it would be nice if we got seats together. You don't mind, do you?"

Bob gasped, "Ye gods!" Never in his life had he heard anything quite so startling! He managed to stammer something polite and to agree to get the tickets. Then, putting down the receiver, he gazed about in blank amazement.

"Wow!" he ejaculated, addressing the empty room. "That girl has sure got some nerve to call me up and talk like that after I asked her to go with me. Well, she needn't think she'll ever get another chance to throw me over this way! I guess there are plenty of girls who will be willing to go with me even if Mary Andrews won't."



After a few minutes of frantic thought and a rapid consultation of the telephone book, he again took up the receiver and called Barbara Brent's number.

"Hello. Barbara? It seems ages since I've had a chance to talk with you. What have you been doing lately? Say, I hear there's going to be a good show on Thursday night. Want to go? That's great! I'm glad you can go. Well, suppose I call you up later to make definite arrangements.—Oh, all right. You'll hear from me later, then. Good-bye."

Bob breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank heaven that's settled!" he exclaimed. "Now I guess I'll go down and get the tickets and have that over with."

Just then his mother came in. "Oh, Bob, would you mind doing a few errands for me if you're going out? You can take the car, and it won't be much trouble."

"Sure, anything you say. I was intending to go downtown anyway. Make a list of the things you want."

As he sped along between the green meadows, he was so absorbed in his thoughts that the fact that it was a beautiful spring morning was quite lost on him. He failed to notice the budding trees, or the peeping frogs in the distant marshes. In any other state of mind, he would have welcomed these heralds of spring but now he was totally oblivious. All the way to town he kept thinking of Mary Andrews' cool treatment.

Half an hour later as Bob stopped in front of one of the largest stores in town, he saw Mary Allen and a group of girls just coming out of the store. Her face lighted up as she saw Bob, and detaching herself from the crowd, she rushed up to him. Mary and Bob had grown up together, but as they had not seen each other for months there were a thousand and one things to be discussed.

Suddenly Mary asked, "By the way, Bob, can you get the tickets all right?"

For a minute Bob was non-plussed. He was about to ask, "What tickets?" when a great light dawned. Concealing his amazement, he answered as calmly as possible, "Oh, yes, they were easy to get. I have them in my pocket now. I thought I'd keep them until Thursday unless you wanted them."

As he drove homeward, the situation became clearer to him, and he saw that now he was in a worse fix than before. "Gee, here I've gone and asked two girls to the same thing and of course they'll both go," he soliloquized gloomily. "But then Mary Andrews hasn't said she'll go. Maybe she'll refuse. If she doesn't, I don't know what I'll do. How

the deuce did I ever think that Mary Allen's voice sounded like Mary Andrews'? I'm an awful fool not to have known the difference. If Mary Allen ever finds this out, she'll never stop kidding me."

Dozens of solutions came to his mind, but none seemed feasible. After he had given Dick his tickets, he would have two tickets left for three people: Mary Andrews, Barbara Brent, and himself. What a situation! The thought that Mary Andrews might refuse sustained him, but he lost his last hope when his mother greeted him with the announcement that Mary had phoned saying she would go.

Bob sank helplessly into the nearest chair and gazed out of the window. His looks at the moment would never have led anyone to believe that he was a follower of Pollyanna. By his tragic expression one would have judged that his death warrant had been signed and that he was contemplating a premature exit from a world of care.

Just then he saw Edward Briggs sauntering down the street whistling a gay tune. A happy thought came to Bob. He rushed to the door. "Hey! Ed!" he yelled.

Ed paused in his leisurely course. Then, seeing that Bob was sending out such frantic S. O. S. signals, he turned toward the doorway where his friend stood. Bob grabbed his arm and pulled him into the living-room. Seizing his friend's new hat and tossing it carelessly into a chair, he assisted the astonished Edward in seating himself hastily.

"Oh say! What's the row?" demanded the now wrathful Edward, straightening his disarranged bow tie and smoothing his hair.

"I'm in an awful fix and you've got to get me out of it, that's all." Hurriedly Bob explained matters. "Now you see what I'm up against," he finished.

"Yes, but what have I got to do about it?"

"You've got to take Barbara Brent."

"But you've asked her to go, and she has said she would go with you. How are you going to get around that?"

"Didn't I tell you that when I called up I didn't tell her my name and that I said I'd call later? Well, you just call her up and kid her along. Spread it on thick and make her believe that it was you all the time."

"Yes, I stand a great chance of getting by with that, don't I?" Ed's opinion of the plan was not quite so good as Bob had expected it to be. Somehow he wasn't exactly enthusiastic. However, after Bob had argued for some time, Ed went to the telephone and, after some hesitation, called Barbara. The following conversation ensued:

"Hello. Is this Barbara?—This is Ed Briggs again. Why sure, didn't



you know who it was when I called up before?—I'm surprised.—Well, how about Thursday."

After several minutes of this dissimulation, Ed faced Bob with, "Well, I've done it. She fell for it all right. You're clear. What now?"

But Bob was still living in the past. "Gee, suppose I hadn't met Mary Allen! The other Mary would have been sitting in the parlor waiting for me while I trotted out with Barbara Brent."

"Well," said Ed, "you did meet her and, what's more, you met me and as usual I'm the goat. You must think that I like to have some one else choose my company for me. Here you make a fool of yourself and ask two girls to go with you just because you can't tell the difference between Mary Andrews and Mary Allen. And now I've got to take the extra girl."

"You're a brick," Bob waxed enthusiastic. "I'm in luck to be able to fix things up with you. You'll have a good time." Then cautiously, "Don't ever let the girls know about this. If you do, it'll be all up with me."

Thursday night the arch conspirators each escorted a girl down the aisle. Bob took a seat beside Mary Andrews just in time to catch a twinkle in the eye of his partner in crime. Following his glance, he saw, entering demurely with Dick, the innocent cause of all the trouble, Mary Allen.

CADET OFFICERS 1919-1920  
1ST LIEUT. MAKER 2ND LIEUT. BERMAN 1ST LIEUT. WILLEY 2ND LIEUT. ROBINSON  
MAJ. DUNFORTH, INSTRUCTOR CAPT. WARD MAJ. BISHOP CAPT. MITCHELL ADJ. BLOOD





## Class Prophecy

By NORMAN SINGER and CHARLES ZACKS

I had met with many misfortunes. Somehow or other, my numerous diplomas and degrees from various universities had not served me to the best advantage.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er hills and vales"

through the main thoroughfare of "Paradise Lost" Valley. I set aside all precedent, decided to go to work, and spent my last cent for a newspaper. Leaning against a neighborly pole, I leisurely scanned the want-ads, until I came to one that attracted my attention:

Wanted: A young man with high ideals as aeroplane mechanic. Zacks & Co. Manufacturers of Airplanes.

I immediately remembered my old classmate at Taunton High School. I visited his offices, set forth my qualifications in high relief, and asked for the job. Zacks was so pleased that I had not come on a charitable mission that he gave me the job and took me out to his workshop where I noticed a huge, cigar-shaped structure, very much like an airplane, but without wings.

"The competition for the government prize for inventions starts tomorrow," said Zacks. "My plane is capable of attaining a speed of 1000 miles an hour and has an attachment, of my own design, that condenses the elements of the air into fuel. With you as mechanic, I will test the plane today and we will go up at once?"

In the next few moments my poetical nature wandered to that poem

"When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me."

Absorbed in these deep reflections, I hardly realized that we were already high above the valley, travelling with terrific speed towards the Atlantic Ocean.

A few hours later while we were sailing over what seemed to be an uninhabited island, our wireless apparatus began to buzz and we deciphered the following messages:

"To whom it may concern: All members of the T. H. S. class of 1920 are requested to attend the reunion of the class at Tahishco Colony, 47° 60' W. Longitude, Atlantic Ocean.

Edgar R. C. Ward B. A. LL.D. Gov.

Our chart showed that we were directly above the island, and we decided to descend at once.

We landed on a large field of amorphous looking plants, and espied a long, lanky figure running towards us. It was Vahan Kevorkian, who told that us he was raising cucumbers covered with needles to keep the flies off. But when he tried to convince us of his old theory that a zebra is a dark horse with white stripes and not a white horse with dark stripes, we decided to depart immediately. But not until Vahan allowed us to park our plane in his shed.

Seeking *divertissement*, we approached a large gate on which was written in diamond-shaped letters:

**"Tahishco Colony"**  
**Founded by Class of 1940, T. H. S.**

**Honesty is our policy when it doesn't interfere with business.**

We entered and joined a small crowd in whose midst was Will Whitney. With Ciceronian eloquence, he was trying to sell Beake's Bitters Remedy guaranteed to stop pains of all kinds, to cure dyspepsia and lumbago, to remove grease spots, and to dye old kimonas.

As a musical assistant Edmund Ogg amused the throng, while Deacon Wilbur sold the medicine. All went well until Norman Hoard meekly inquired, "Will it cure Temporomandibular Articulation?" This was too much for us, and we proceeded on our way. Our attention was attracted by a large sign over a window: **GEORGE NAJARIAN, Expert Tonsorial Artist, Lawn-mower sharpening a specialty.**

We glanced into the window and saw George at this genteel profession. He was an advertisement in himself.

We sat down upon a park bench nearby, which had been donated by Emma Swift. A newspaper was lying idle near us. We found it to be "The Morning Glory", edited by Lawrence Barnes. In the society column, reported by Minnie Webster, we read that Helen Ames, Martha McGowan, and Norma Macomber, officers of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Monkeys" were to tender a reception to Carlton Dickerman D. D. S. who had returned from a perilous journey in the Comgo Jungle. "Dick" brought back many interesting specimens and



was to lecture on "Why Monkeys' Teeth Should be Examined." In compiling his valuable monograph, he was ably assisted by Edwin Donaldson and Marguerite Syner, the mathematical geni of the century.

"Lewie" Maker in the uniform of a circus attendant tried to pass us, but we stopped him and asked, "How's the world treating you, Lew?"

He replied, "Not very often," but added, "I've been travelling fifty miles a day for two weeks and I'm still in the same place."

"How does that happen?" we queried.

"Easy," replied Lew, "I run a merry-go-round in Muriel Allyn's Animal Circus."

Next we boarded "Dot" Day's Dynamic Aerial Express. Florence Tracy, who always was successful in running everything, was the "conductorette." Florence collected fares and shouted, "Plenty of room up front."

Behind us we heard: "Do you know why the English language is called the 'mother' tongue? 'No, why?' 'Well, father never has a chance to use it.'"

We turned and saw Leah Immerman and Rebecca Cooperstein at their favorite pastime.

We were landed on the roof of "Brindle's Emporium" and took the elevator "manned" by Margaret Slattery to the ground floor. On all sides were posters advertising the arrival of the "Woolley and Willey Stock Co.," introducing Margaret Miller and Marjorie Magee in "My Wife's Husband," a three-act comedy in six installments, one now and the rest eventually.

Blanche Bernier sold us our tickets, and Lucy Searle, the only usher, attempted to steer us to the initial row. We politely informed her that we were not members of any bald-headed club and removed our hats for proof.

Before the show started, we purchased some Eaton's Elastic Chewing Gum from Mildred White, who was engaged in selling that popular confection. The gum was guaranteed to stretch to any size.

The performance was started by Doris Chace in an abbreviated costume who introduced the popular song hit: "Pave your streets with doughnuts and you'll have a holy city." The next number on the program was Fae Thomas, who recited with tear-producing emotion the following lines of her own composition.

"How well do I remember  
The sweetheart I loved of yore,  
But asthma took away his breath,  
And now he breathes no more."

We sighed our relief when the curtain was finally lifted for the last number. This consisted of the Smith Clan, Anna, Vera, and Mildred who sang Mollie Stark's famous ballad entitled, "Of all my husband's relations, I like his wife the best." The song was a decided hit, and many encores were necessary.

Our program acquainted us with the fact that the diamonds worn in the last act were furnished by the G. & P. Gollub Co., Jewelers. The gowns were designed by the Bowen & Bowman Co. Ltd. But what particularly attracted our attention was the ad: **Eat at Robinson's Beanery, Known the world over for its non-skid oysters.**"

We immediately heeded the invitation and regretfully left the theatre.

Outside we met Berkover disguised as a street cleaner. He told us that he was a detective and was at present occupied in trailing "Gyp the Blood" who was wanted on two continents for attempting to corner the castor-oil market. We left Berkover in his own devices and noticed Wade Bishop directing the traffic, which consisted of a pushcart propelled by Allison Mitchell and a "Fierce Barrow" driven by Agnes Werner. Bishop strongly resembled a wind-mill in his acrobatic motions.

In due time we came upon the "Beanery," whose façade was hung with the jewels of incandescence. We stepped through the revolving door, flanked on either side by potted palms in Gothic jars. After an unusually long wait, Vera Bowes, head-waitress, sauntered up to us and inquired, "What are you lunching on today?"

"Let's have some Hungarian Goulash, à la mode, and efficiency,"

"Explain the last dish," said Vera.

"Oh yes," replied Zacks, "everything in one movement of the elbow—Hash!"

While waiting for our order to be filled, we gazed around the room. There, across the aisle, was Bob Berman eating soup in unison with "O'Neil's Submented Orchestra."

"I wonder which is the music," said Singer.

We finished our lunch and approached the cashier's cage. Within the cage we beheld the smiling visage of Alice Place. Alice tipped us off that there was to be a special attraction at Mary Bettencourt's private beach. We immediately decided to go and also to walk the half-mile.

On our way we passed Dr. Joe Nunes standing in front of the Women's First National Bank.

"Why are you standing in front of the bank?" we asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," confided Joe. "There's money in it."

We succeeded in entering the private beach without suspicion.



In a secluded spot overlooking the water, we noticed Helen Taylor painting with artistic fervor a beautiful landscape scene—sunset red, with streaks of green dots. Kennard Sheppard, at a respectful distance, was watching her anxiously.

"Ah," said Helen the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page. Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the rugged clouds at midnight, black as ravens' wings, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied Shep quickly, "not since I signed the pledge."

We proceeded along the stretch of sandy beach and passed Helen Dean, Laura Bremner, and Lillian Burton sunning themselves on the sand. They did not recognize us.

Extended about fifty feet above the water, we saw "Joe" Freeman about to execute a high dive. As Zacks was complaining of a stiff neck, we passed on without witnessing this hair-raising feat.

On one side we noticed a little tent. This was the life-saving station. Zacks caught a glimpse of Edith Gibson and immediately decided that he wanted his life saved. He took off his coat and plunged into the water. I performed my part of the plot by quickly informing Edith that Zacks was drowning. Edith looked up from *Caesar's Gallic Wars* and replied, "Oh, we don't mind little things like that!" You can't argue with Edith.

Zacks finally "saved" himself and came ashore.

Maybelle Duff in a copperette's uniform hailed us.

"How did you find the water today?" inquired Maybelle.

"Easy," replied Singer, "it was all around the island!"

We soon approached a dock, which extended into the water for a long distance. We noticed a figure clad in gold braid with a gold trimmed chapeau, proceeding towards the Half Way Inn, managed by the I. & F. Sander Syndicate.

"Who is that?" we inquired of Verna Dwyer, who passed us.

"That," she replied, "is his excellency the Grand Admiralissimo Zantow of the Royal Navy of Utopia.

This navy, we later learned, consisted of three skiffs, a rowboat, and a canoe. We also were surprised to hear that Harold was to be tendered a reception by the Tahischo Glee Club consisting of Helen Kiernan, Leah King, and Marjorie Knox.

A newstand, conducted by Gladys Najarian, attracted our attention. Zacks purchased a copy of the popular novel, "Thubway Tham's

Inthult," by Edythe Rothwell, and sat on the sand reading the book while I looked around for further diversion.

Familiar voices greeted my ears. Turning, I recognized Evelyn Harrigan and Mildred Hallihan. Evelyn explained that she wanted me to settle an argument. She avowed that a red cow eating green grass would give white milk that could make yellow butter. That was too much for me.

We had to stop for refreshment at a stand conducted by Marion Peck and Helen Rafter, where we were surprised to learn that iced tea was the only drink served. When our order came, Singer asked, "Are you sure this is Ceylon tea?"

"Of course," innocently replied Marion, "Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package."

A short distance away we noticed George Miller surrounded by a crowd of bathing girls, among whom we recognized Margaret Kelley, Louise Leonard, and Dorothea MacDonald. Our modesty surpassed all, and we beat a hasty retreat. Outside stood Joe Lynch guarding a jumble of tin, wire, and rope that he called his automobile. Joe, with usual generosity, offered us a ride. Realizing that our lives were insured, we accepted. While traveling along at a terrific pace, Zacks managed to say, "Does this flivver always make this racket?"

"No, only when it's running," Joe replied.

He dropped us off rather unceremoniously at a small millinery shop owned by Marguerite Mason and Ruth Plumstead. I drew Zacks over to the window where Lilian Wood was displaying, with Parisian efficiency, the latest hats. Among the crowd that surrounded us, we recognized Viola Pierce and Emery Lincoln. As they were talking about the various fashions on exhibition, we decided that this was no place for us.

Strains of lively music floated to our ears. A huge sign in front of an open door read: See the Bazaar! Proceeds to be used for a library for the South African natives.

We entered and were dazzled by light and splendor. Before we could adjust ourselves to the atmosphere of our surroundings, Helen Miller ran up to us, slipped a piece of cardboard in our hands, and demanded fifty cents. Realizing that it was for a good cause, we gave willingly, and passed by the confectionery booth presided over by Miriam Brown and Alice Rosen.

In a corner of the hall, George Cleathero was auctioning a large cake made by Marjorie Dill. After much exciting bidding, chiefly between Hilda MacCallum and Doris Masterson, Gladys McIsaac arrived on the scene and outbid everyone, buying the cake for fifty dollars.



In the center of the floor, Florence Emmott and Grace Hopkins, prima donna danseuses, direct from the Chinese Ballet, were exhibiting the latest steps of the Orient.

At the end of the exhibition, Ethel Richmond, floor marshall of the Bazaar, announced the first appearance of the Happy Four, a quartette consisting of Lilian Young, Amelia Gracia, Mary O'Connell, and Ruth Taylor.

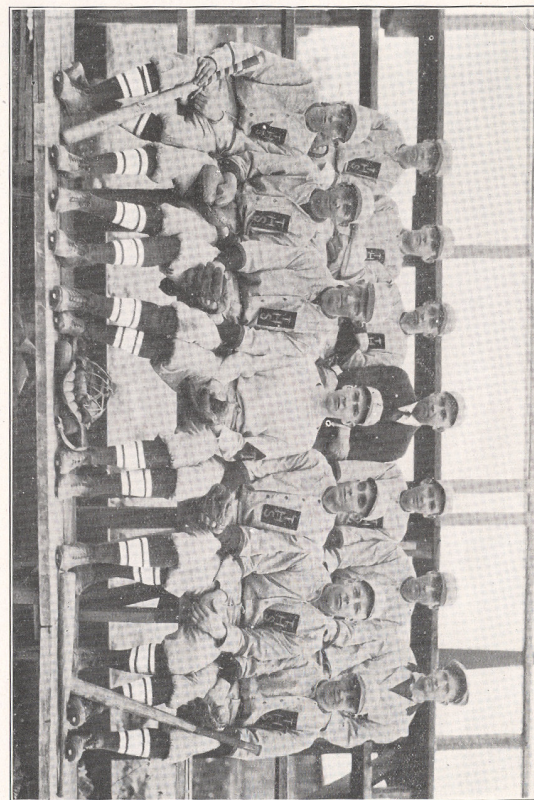
In the midst of all this gaiety, Zacks suddenly remembered that he had left the gas jet burning in his workshop. Zacks rushed madly for the coat-room, and I followed. We rescued our hats and coats from Anna Thrasher and Helen Hall, who were in charge of the checking room, and we were soon outside in the darkness, not knowing in what direction to proceed. Arm in arm we groped our way across a field of marshy ground. Our progress was suddenly stopped by a huge dark object which loomed up before us. It was the stone wall that surrounded the colony. At once we remembered Kevorkian's shed and the airplane. As we advanced towards this shed, we reviewed the events of the day.

We had seen with unparalleled joy the magnificent successes of our classmates. All seemed to have prospered 'neath the protection of Fate. To us and to us only had Fate dealt the wrong cards!

But aught is naught, and naught is aught, so why worry? It is merely a matter of time before Fate will spread her surveillant Cloak of Protection around us, too, and we shall no longer wander

"Lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

KING GARDNER MILLER COHEN, Mgr. O'NEIL  
MCNEILEY HIGGINOTHAM WITHERELL WOOLLEY, Capt. SPENCER  
BASEBALL, 1920  
SAMPLE, Coach  
GREGG BARNES





## Class Will

We, of the class of 1920, considered by a choice few of the faculty, safe and sane, do now, having due cause to except in the near future disintegration, dissolution, and dissemination, hereby annul all previous wills and codicils and declare this to be the last and final disposition of our estates and properties.

First: To the freshmen, the privilege of knowing all and everything.

Second: To the sophomores, the ancient rite of discovering, copy-writing, and publishing the faults and short comings of the seniors.

Third: To the juniors, the lofty positions, the best place in the Hall, and the right to treat other classes with due condescension.

Fourth: These individual bequests:—

*C. Dickerman*:—My ability to recognize the ancient jokes in the **Orange and the Black** to Carr '21

*E. Donaldson*:—My ability to shout to Carr '21 to be used at the next Brockton game.

*E. Gibson*:—To anyone with Bolshevik tendencies and the price of a haircut, my naturally (?) curly locks.

To Dot King '21, my unfailing ability to arrive at 9.99 minutes past eight.

*Kappa Phi Delta*:—To the Kappa Phi Delta of '21, our orange and black "rah rah" caps for future Brockton games; also our wigs, war paint, and initiation togs.

*M. Magee*:—To Allyse Davison '22, my ability to get in the first baseman's way at ball games.

*M. Miller*:—My junior worshiper to the coming senior girls.

*A. Mitchell*:—To Needham '21, my job of dishing ice cream on the girls' side of the lunch room.

*J. Nunes*:—My Virgil (N6) to the next unfortunate "defessus Aenides."

*L. Wood*:—My cerise tie to W. P. Q.

*E. Ward*:—To Mr. W-----r, the leather heels of the old shoes I left in the locker room.

*L. Wooley*:—To Pond '21, the tooth I lost at Plymouth, provided he uses it to bite the fellow who pushed it out; also my ability to leave school through a window.

To Hathaway '21, my taxi I use when ill.

## The Beachcomber

A TRUE STORY BY HAROLD A. ZANTOW

SOME men who go down to the sea in ships sail on to the tropics, that belt of mystic unreality, girdling the globe, which renders utterly shiftless many a weak, fair-skinned victim. Under the spell of the tropics they become seacoast vagrants loafing away their lazy lives until they rightly earn the name of beachcombers. The dictionary tells us that beachcombers are long curling waves that roll in from the ocean, but I have in mind rather the equally numerous and picturesque human beachcombers. Every tropical port has a dozen or more, of varying nationalities; Yankees, Limics, Patsies, and Square-heads. When ships pull, short-handed, into these hellish tropical ports, the derelicts are often given the chance to return home, but usually it is too late; they have succumbed to the spell of the tropics. They lack the energy to get up and get out, preferring to continue in their listless, ambitionless lives. Says a wag: "Beachcombers are always just as high and dry on the beach as the tide leaves them."

A year ago when I was in Callao, one of the principal ports of Peru, I came in close contact with a genuine beachcomber. He was true to every characteristic of his class. It had evidently got him too, this listless town of Callao: treeless mountains ridging the village around; shady plazas; mission-structured cathedrals presenting an old-world appearance; white villas on La Puntas suggestive of Morocco; vari-colored "bum boats" playing between the red-stacked Pacific mail steamers and the docks; peons on the quays in the heat of the tropical sun,—all contributed to an atmosphere of universal langour.

One noon shortly after our arrival I sat by the gangway and watched the fishing pelicans. As they flew over the water like one great black cloud, diving and rising in a mass, two beachcombers sauntered down to the dock and with the usual hard-luck story begged for food. One was a red-headed son of Erin; the other, a Danska. Both were in rags and wore stubby beards. We had already fed several derelicts that day, but the good-natured cook generously passed out more of the salt horse (corn beef) and Ward-line strawberries (prunes) which we had left from dinner, and with several slices of bread I tossed their lazy meal out to them. They sat in the shade of a light European freight car and ate slowly and contentedly,—almost like ruminating animals. Just then I noticed



that they were sharing with a pup. Always interested in dogs, I find a warm spot in my heart for even ugly, impossible mongrels.

"Is he yours?" I eagerly asked the red-head.

"He's a bum just like the rest of us," drawled the hobo between mouthfuls.

Ah, here was a dog without a master, and I was a master without a dog, for hadn't my own dog died just before I left home? A glad thought crossed my mind. I would annex this dog unto myself. Heretofore my night-watch had always been a lone vigil from eight to four with only the stars for company. Now, however, it should be broken by something more interesting than the return of the crew after a night of iniquitous carousal in the grimy city. Muchacha should be my companion, and was it unnatural for me to want him? He was one of those common "his-master's-voice" dogs with speaking human eyes; and his cry was not the irritable whimper of ordinary dogs, but the pitiful cry of man's true friend longing for a pal and master.

Once aboard the ship Muchacha acted like a true sailor, keeping clear of the engine room, the salon, the officers' deck, and the bridge except when I was making my rounds. For as I adopted him, a canine waif, he adopted me, a marine waif; and he shared my job. He would curl up by my feet when I sat by the gangway; and when I went about to see if all the lines were fast, he would run behind me in silent companionship.

In the morning he would go ashore and be off to the city; every night he would return to the dock and invite me in whining tones to take him aboard.

The morning after our third watch I asked the mate if Muchacha might sail with us.

"Certainly!" He smiled and replied. Then after a loud pause he added, "Have you fallen for any of the beachcombers' hard-luck stories yet?"

I answered promptly in the negative, but wondered what his cynical grin meant. I thought no more of it, however, until just before we were to sail. The usual hour for the pup's arrival came and went, but no Muchacha. Where could he be? My buddy,—and I had planned to take him home with me. Another hour passed. I reviewed all the tricks he had so quickly and cleverly learned. I thought what sport we could have together at home; canoeing, hunting, swimming, and tramping. Still Muchacha did not appear.

The watchman on the dock with a half-saucy, half-sympathetic glint in his eye looked up at me and said impressively, "El Peros esta un palo-mille!" "*The dog is a beachcomber!*"

Then it all came to me like a thunderbolt. I had fallen for a hard-luck story. Now I understood the mate's skeptical expression; he knew Muchacha better than I knew him. From the first he had had his suspicions.

We sailed the next morning, and I never saw my Muchacha again. But in my lonely speculative moments these unanswerable questions rise to my mind. How did the dog know that we were to sail? How did he know that I was to take him with me? And above all what made him want to stay in the ungodly country? Truly the way of the beachcomber is strange. And my Muchacha, whom I loved, was more of a beachcomber than a dog.



## Jokes

Mr. H—: So you were never in the shadow of the earth?  
 Maker: No, sir.  
 Mr. H—: Where do you spend your nights?

One swallow does not make a summer, to be sure, but two or three swallows make some fellows think they are birds.

Marge: I get such awful colds in my head.  
 Blanche: Why don't you wear two hair nets?

Mr. W—: Are you ripe for discussion?  
 Kevorkian: No, I'm ready to fall.

The perfume-vending slot machine  
 Is the fairest thing out yet,  
 For every penny dropped within  
 Another scent you get.

It seems paradoxical that Willey should live on and on when he has nothing to live on.

Mitchell: I sometimes think—  
 Ward: New form of activity for you, isn't it?

Mr. W—: Now I put the number seven on the board, what number immediately comes to your mind?  
 Class, unanimously: Eleven.

Miss S—: Why did Abou Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest?  
 F. Tracy: I guess they must have arranged them alphabetically.

L—h: My grandfather has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't that wonderful?

H—d: Look how long it took him!

Feminine fan: (watching Spencer:) Oh, isn't our pitcher grand! He hits the bat nearly every throw.

Joker: When is a joke not a joke?  
 Blood: Usually.

"You're an awful bore," said the Cork."  
 "Huh, I've got you out of many a tight place," retorted the Cork-screw.

He (taking his hat): Well, I must be off.  
 She: That's what I thought the first time I saw you.

T. H. S.

Teacher: Class, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go quietly so as not to wake the other classes.

M. Mason: Have you any invisible hairpins?  
 Clerk: Yes.  
 M. M.: Let me see some.

R. Hathaway: (late at Brockton game): What's the score?  
 W. Bishop: Nothing to nothing.  
 R. H.: - Good game, eh?  
 W. B.: Don't know. Hasn't started yet.

Mr. L—d: Does any question trouble you?  
 Taylor: Not at all, sir. It's the answers that bother me.

It's dogs' delight to bark and bite  
 And little birds to sing;  
 But all a Freshie can find to do  
 Is stare at everything.

Needham: I want a loaf of bread.  
 Baker: White or brown.  
 Needham: Doesn't matter. It's for a blind lady.



B—y: What makes that hen cackle so loudly?  
Goward: Oh, they've just laid a corner stone across the street,  
and she's trying to make us think she did it.

E. Harrigan: It's bad form to scratch your right elbow with your  
right hand.

M. Hallahan: Why?

E. H.: Well, simply because it's not being done, you know.

The charm that lingers most by far  
About my Ellen fair,  
Is the one she took that evening from  
The watch chain that I wear.

Mr. H—: How do you find the earth's circumference?  
Kenney: I find it immense.

Wilbur: Why do you call your umbrella "Adam?"  
Whitney: Because it's shy a rib.

Typewriter to the pencil said;  
"Now will you tell me please  
Why, when I have no doors nor locks,  
I have so many keys?"

"We do not know," the pencil said,  
"It's queer as quadrupeds!  
But can you tell us why we wear  
Our rubbers on our heads?"

Soph: Hey, Freshie, why have you those loud socks on?  
Freshie: To keep my feet from going to sleep.



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That was its parents' fault.

Once upon a time there was a young man  
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That was his fault.

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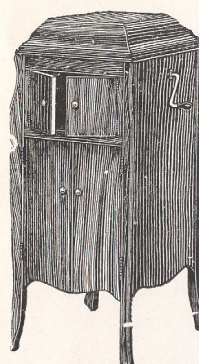


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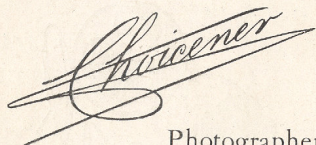
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